

...CMTI...

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NOTED T

VOLUME XXX
Poet
MAIDEN'S S
BY HELEN IRVING,

... that the birds have been
... their feet are on the
... the bushes all the flowers
... from a thousand
... in green it resist and grow
... the golden all the day
... and the tempting
... silver bell.

biting past the mouth with
 every sound the golden hair
 the paces of the voice
 the low murmuring of the
 are all the wilding flow
 some twisted about my
 and back his lips have
 a soft memory thrills as
 a music hardly pure
 that soft, with folded
 inside within my heart
 all this night of dream
 heart? The light and
 of music like this may
 in days of dreaming up
 the tropic midnight there

Original Novel
BY J. H. SELWYN
OR,
With a Silver
OF A HUNDRED YEARS

—
TWO SATURDAY
BY MARY IRVING
—
ing to the Act of Com
h Powers, in the Ch
for the British Nation
—
CHAPTER XIV.
—
OWN AND HES
—
no use, I tell you, M
me.¹⁷²
—
days, a few years si

her, was kneeling
their trunk, into t
wardsore of a you
Army. For such
the epaulettes, su
latured the tall ye
and determined b
thought upon it lo
every other alte
is the only step le
and pining away.
taf of surprise, co
ing forced into a ma
cannot love!"

you surely will
yet! My own
exclaimed the
of exultation as
this hour faded
Monday morn will
by our General's
But I must have
remain with you
who only on this
wishes."
that reason can
srely—"

"Is not that
 of the Brownells?
 I recall which has
 that he, who befr
 ight no patronage,
 a poor supposed son,
 of the truth, hav
 outcast, a base-bor
 e to charge us with
 race! How know
 is my veins proud
 the powder, if tal
 , Roger! listen to
 come to me there lo

not shrink from the
with a smiling an-

ness of my youth'—
manhood!"

a life that makes
aroly," said Rogers
she comes so soon
lips of the young
chord of gratitude
sideways—so," he
declare—it is a com-
face and Kirtle's!
now I see it more
profile, I think."

is strange, really
in hand to place a

For Elsie has always
you and I were still
so we are in some
said Roger, glanc
petition makes peop
under them that che
red dragon, her t
Nancy, I will neve
?"

Will not oppose you
is given; as you
morrow. What
go

have told them had
he demurred, he w

tion; I abhor clean-
sightly as you poss-
been obliged to m-
nary forms, my m-
the face of day and
row afternoon. In
her grim guardian
shall Iste swear,
-eye, and Gellus, if
at death both us
monks came—ar-
ing, yet saved to